

Watson Wayne, Watercolour Ponies

Wayne Watson

There are watercolour ponies

On my refrigerator door

And the shape of something I don't really recognize

Brushed with careful little fingers

And put proudly on display

A reminded to us all of how time flies

Seems an endless mound of laundry

And a stairway laced with toys

Gives a blow by blow reminder of the war

That we fight for their well-being

For their greater understanding

To impart a holy reverence for the Lord

Chorus

But baby, what will we do

When it comes back to me and you

They look a little less like little boys every day

Oh the pleasure of watchin' the children growin'

Is mixed with a bitter cup

Of knowin' the watercolour ponies

Will one day ride away

And the vision can get so narrow

As you view thru your tiny world

And little victories can go by with no applause

But in the greater evaluation

As they fly from your nest of love

May they mount up with wings as eagles for His cause

Chorus